

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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STILLING THE STORM.

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The Union against Tammany.

WHILE the union, in this city, of all the elements of opposition to Tammany is dictated, on the part of some of the organizations concerned in it, by other motives than solicitude for municipal reform, there is no doubt that it is in the main in the interest of good government. Tammany represents everything that is pernicious in our politics and civic life, and there can be no genuine or thorough reform until its influence is fully eliminated from every department of the public administration. The election of the union ticket will be another important step toward the achievement of that result. It may not represent the highest aspirations and loftiest impulses of the best citizenship, but it represents approximately the only positive and aggressive sentiment which demands the purification of the metropolis, and that sentiment will unquestionably dominate, more or less determinatively, the officials whom it will carry into power. It is sometimes the truest wisdom in a crusade for reform to accept the attainable, even though that may fall far short of the uttermost expectation and purpose of those who wage the battle.

There is one respect, making all due allowance for criticism, in which this union of elements which are ordinarily antagonistic, is highly suggestive and full of encouragement. Heretofore, movements for civic reform have usually exhausted themselves with a single effort. If successful, the majority of those concerned in them have fallen back into inactivity, believing that everything essential had been accomplished. If, on the other hand, they have been overtaken with defeat, despondency and despair have settled upon those who participated in them, and the result has generally been that all the evils whose overthrow was desired became more acute and active than before. Now, apparently, there is a spirit of persistence and determination on the part of the great body of the community in the work of reform which has survived the excitements and successes of the last campaign, and which can be depended upon to continue the warfare until the enemy has been driven from his last intrenchment. In other words, the better class of citizens have come to understand that a single victory against so alert and vigorous an enemy as Tammany does not end the occasion for fighting, and that the warfare must be persisted in, resolutely and unitedly, until its power is so effectually broken that even in the event of a partial relapse into indolence on the part of the better class of citizens, it will be powerless for any serious mischief. It is this aspect of the union which seems to us to afford peculiar grounds for encouragement to those who are honestly solicitous for the complete redemption of the city from the control of the vicious elements which have so long dominated it.

The Powers and Armenia.



It begins to look as if the Powers of Europe, under the lead of England, have at last determined to enforce their demands for reform in Armenia and the abandonment by Turkey of the cruel and oppressive policy heretofore pursued toward the Armenians in Constantinople and other parts of her dominions. Undoubtedly this determination has been hastened by the murderous outrages recently perpetrated upon the Armenians in Constantinople and Trebizond. In the former city scores of these unfortunates, who had committed no offense, were arrested, beaten, and imprisoned, while many more were killed outright by the police and military. Even when the threatened Armenians sought refuge in their churches they were scarcely safe from the malignant Mohammedan population, and it was only under urgent pressure from the foreign ambassadors that they were finally permitted to go to their homes unmolested. At Trebizond Turkish troops joined the populace in the work of pillage and slaughter. Of course the Turkish government persists in disclaiming all responsibility for these outrages, alleging that the Armenians were the aggressors, just as it has pretended throughout that the reports of wholesale butcheries in Armenia

were mere inventions, and that all the troubles of recent years in that country have been provoked by the Christian population. The Powers, however, are not deceived by these misrepresentations, and they have insisted so tenaciously upon the adoption of their scheme of reforms that Turkish obstinacy now seems likely to give way. The indications are, also, that Great Britain at least means to see to it that promises made in the direction of reform are actually and loyally carried out.

It is greatly to be regretted that in this demonstration of sympathy with the oppressed Armenians the United States has, apparently, had no part. There is no evidence whatever that our minister to Turkey has on a single occasion asserted in a positive and emphatic way the sentiment and feeling of our people as to the Armenian question. On the contrary, while all the civilized world is expressing its abhorrence of Turkish brutality, he appears to have manifested from first to last a spirit of absolute indifference. It is even said, on apparently credible authority, that he has permitted himself to be regarded as in sympathy with the brutal Turks; and it is alleged, in support of this charge, that he has accepted favors and honors from the Sultan for himself and members of his family, which have necessarily compromised his official independence. Whether he has or has not been guilty of this offense against propriety, it is certain that he has manifested a reluctance to push the inquiry as to the atrocities in Armenia, and has done nothing at all, so far as appears, to supply his government with the trustworthy information it has needed as a basis of intelligent action. American citizens may well deplore the stupidity or the perversion of judgment which has thus put us in the wrong in the eyes of the nations and brought disgrace upon us as a people.

Hiving to Some Purpose.

AMONG the papers read before the National Council of Women at the Atlanta exposition was one concerning the order known as the Ladies of the Maccabees, which in its development and results strikingly illustrates woman's growing interest in the practical concerns of life and her capacity for the details of business management. The society in question is of the fraternal and beneficial order, having the life-insurance principle as its basis. It is composed of three branches—the local organizations, called hives, composed of the members of each local body; the State organizations, called great hives, composed of representatives from the local bodies; and the national body, called the supreme hive, composed of the representatives from the State bodies, or great hives. Certificates are issued by the order for the sums of five hundred, one thousand, and two thousand dollars, payable in the event of the death of the insured or in the event of permanent or total physical disability, or upon reaching the age of seventy years. The life-benefit fund is derived from assessments rated on the age of the applicant for membership and the amount of her certificate. These assessments are very low, the amount between sixteen and twenty-five, for instance, being only eighty cents on the thousand dollars. The age limit is fifty-two years. There are yearly dues, which are applied to general management purposes.

This woman's order appears to have been phenomenally successful. Started in 1889 with seventy members, it is now established in twenty-three States, Ontario, and British Columbia, with a total membership of over forty-eight thousand women, aggregating in life-benefit certificates issued the large sum of thirty-five million dollars. The total number of deaths in the various jurisdictions of the order has been three hundred and fifty, and the total amount distributed among the children and dependents of deceased members in this short period of time has been three hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars. "This," says the report of the supreme hive as presented at Atlanta, "is what an organization of women alone has accomplished in the business world. The Ladies of the Maccabees have opened a field for educational, charitable, and humane work in the education of the families and the protection of the home that is limitless in its possibilities." What is here said as to the usefulness of this society cannot be regarded as an exaggeration. The success it has achieved is undoubtedly prophetic of other and larger beneficences which women will initiate and carry out with the broadening needs and opportunities of the future.

Democratic Pretenses.

THE Democratic party is always and everywhere a party of false pretenses. It never hesitates to sacrifice a principle to which it has pledged itself if the party interests seem to demand such a course. A very conclusive illustration of this degenerate tendency is afforded by the campaign now in progress in Kentucky. In that State the party adopted at its State convention a platform in favor of sound money, and nominated a candidate for Governor who has lost no opportunity to advocate unlimited silver coinage. At first there was a vehement outcry from many of the party papers and some influential party leaders against this practical repudiation of the platform by the gubernatorial nominee. It was denounced as dishonest and disreputable. For a time it seemed probable that a majority of the Democratic journals would refuse to support the nominee in his

inconsistent attitude. But, with two exceptions, according to a statement in the *New York World*, all the Democratic papers in the State are now urging the voters to support the recalcitrant candidate—to condone what was at first denounced as treachery—in order to save the State from the Republicans. And foremost in this despicable betrayal of principle and the sound-money cause are the journals which are regarded as peculiarly the organs of the Cleveland administration.

The truth is that the Democratic party in Kentucky is not, and never has been, honestly in favor of the sound-money policy of Mr. Cleveland. The declaration of the State convention and the subsequent clamor of the party press as to General Hardin's course were mere hollow pretensions. Really the party as such believes in the cheap-money doctrine of the late Senator Beck and the school to which he belonged. Free trade and cheap money have been for years the rallying cries of the party in that State. Mr. Carlisle himself once trained with Senator Blackburn, the Breckinridges, and the rest, under this financial flag; and if he were not a member of the administration he would probably be found still in the same company. Most of the so-called sound-money leaders are conspicuously "flabby" of purpose, and care apparently nothing whatever for consistency. Thus, in one district the "gold-bug" president of a national bank is running as a candidate for the Legislature to save the election of Blackburn, the leader of the silver party, to the United States Senate!

It would perhaps be unfair to assume that the President and his Kentucky Secretary of the Treasury have advised or are responsible for the sudden change of front on the part of the party newspapers as to this general subject. But certainly it is somewhat significant that so far they have not entered a syllable of protest against this subordination of principle to considerations of partisanship. They profess to be profoundly anxious that the Democratic party should be held true to sound-money traditions. Why is it, if they are honest in this profession, that in a crisis of the party history that solicitude has entirely failed to find expression? Is Mr. Cleveland, after all, so much of a Democrat that he cannot be a patriot? Does he, with all his pretensions of loyalty to conscience, as a matter of fact place mere party claims before and above every consideration of the public welfare?

Among all the many pitiable exhibitions of party insincerity and indifference to patriotic obligations, there has been in our recent political history none more utterly discreditable than that which is afforded by the course of the administration and its followers in this Kentucky campaign.

Colonization of Negroes.



As referred, at the beginning of the present year, to the movement then in progress for the establishment of a colony of American negroes in Mexico, and took occasion to say that in our opinion the effort was ill-advised, and could hardly fail to result otherwise than disastrously.

On another page of the present issue we give an account, with some illustrations, of the result of this movement.

Altogether about one thousand negroes, men, women, and children, were deported to Durango, Mexico, under the auspices of a company interested in the development of enterprises of great magnitude and importance. These emigrants entered upon their new life with high hopes, and so far as human prevision could assure success it seemed attainable. But prevision seems to have counted for nothing; from the beginning everything went awry. Within a few months the colony which was established under such encouraging auspices was disintegrated, two hundred of the emigrants were dead, double that number, having abandoned the colony, were quarantined in small-pox camps along the Rio Grande, while the remainder were making their way homeward as best they could, objects of commiseration and charity.

The result of this enterprise, probably one of the best organized which has been undertaken, confirms everything that we have heretofore said in reference to the unwisdom of colonization efforts, whether at home or abroad. Whatever may be the untoward political conditions of the black man in the Southern States, there can be no doubt that he can there make more substantial and wholesome progress, and enjoy a larger measure of personal comfort with fuller opportunities of industrial development under proper legal protection, than anywhere else under the sun. The climate is in his favor, and the industries to which he has been accustomed are better adapted to the utilization and development of his physical energies than those which would employ him elsewhere. It may be, and undoubtedly is, true that the more intelligent of the blacks, who have an equipment above the average for the activities of life, can succeed in the Western States in agriculture and other employments; and the wonder is that, with the demand which exists for labor on the Pacific slope and elsewhere in the remote West, those negroes who aspire to broader opportunities do not seek there the sphere which awaits them. The result of the Mexican experiment will undoubtedly operate very effectually to prevent any further attempts at colonization along the lines which it pursued.

* MEN AND THINGS *

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

MR. C. A. PLATT, one of the few of our painters who know how to put the charm of a stretch of green country on canvas, published a little book on Italian gardens, a year or so ago, that was more or less of a revelation to all simple gardeners, whose intuitive love of posies and other beautiful growing things was confined in greater part to patches of their favorites and a few scattered and indiscriminate hedges. Very little idea of the systematic arrangement of plots and paths and borders, and the forming of courts and terraces, enters into the primitive schemes of most landscape-gardeners in this country, and Mr. Platt was probably the first to call attention to the extreme beauty of formal gardening; and, what was of much more value, to suggest the admirable adaptability of much of our country for its cultivation. I am afraid his suggestion will hardly bear fruit, however, till architects and their patrons come to a full realization of the idea that the house and all its surroundings, gardens, terraces, courts, and all their embellishments, should be component parts, each complementing and supplementing the other. As Mr. Platt says, the problem which confronted the architects of the Renaissance in Italy—all the gardens of Rome, Florence, Genoa, Sienna, and other Southern cities are a survival from that period—was "to take a piece of land and make it habitable. The architect proceeded with the idea that not only was the house to be lived in, but that one still wished to be at home while out-of-doors; so the garden was designed as another apartment, the terraces and groves still others, where one might walk about and find a place suitable to the hour of the day and the feeling of the moment, and still be in that sacred portion of the globe dedicated to one's self." But Mr. Platt goes further than the mere telling of how to adapt our houses to our gardens and our gardens to our houses, making them both beautiful, for way up in the hills of New Hampshire, on the Connecticut River, he has given a practical exemplification of his ideas in one of the most charming of houses, and in one of the most beautiful of gardens. And more than that, he has strongly influenced the little colony of artists and art lovers who are scattered about on the hills near by him. Lucky the man and rare who can not only carry out his own ideas, but persuade others to adopt and carry them out.

A ready wit is always a dazzling thing; and the happy, spontaneous association of thought with words excites my never-failing wonderment. A little group of friends, one of whom was a sluggish Englishman, were sitting late at dinner the other evening over their coffee, when some inadvertent remark concerning the yacht-race fiasco set the Englishman off in a blaze. After anathematizing Mr. Iselin, the Cup committee, and the New York Yacht Club, he swept on irresistibly and included the whole American people in his vituperations. His friends were tremendously pleased at the exhibition, and fanned his temper, whenever it gave signs of subsiding, with an ingenuity that was Machiavelian. The original cause of his tirade was soon lost sight of, and he began taunting the group of deliciously-amused Americans with their country's provinciality, pusillanimity, and general depravity. "Why," said he, in a sort of disdainful and disgusted wind-up, "you don't even know the English language. Look how you spell labor and honor, without the u." This with supreme contempt. "Oh, that's very simple," retorted the wit of the party; "in matters of labor and honor we always leave *you* out." There was a roar, and when it subsided it was a very much collapsed Englishman. As for me, I sat open-mouthed at the wit's brilliancy.

Tradesmen very seldom have the courage of their opinions; very naturally theirs is apt to be the courage of the opinions of others, and I therefore take a good deal of pleasure in quoting an advertisement that I happened across recently, as a very delightful example of commercial independence: "Messrs. Harrold, Belcher and Allen beg leave to call attention to their large stock of antique furniture. Old furniture made new; new furniture made old; middle-aged furniture preserved; *black-walnut furniture destroyed*." That last demanded positive bravery. The black-walnut furniture habit—if it may be called so—dies hard, and even dealers in Chippendale and Sheraton have to combat it valiantly, sometimes at the expense of profitable patronage.

There has been much positive talk in the various papers concerning Modjeska's recent production of "Mistress Betty Singleton," Mr. Fitch's new play. One and all have, with the usual aptitude of critics, been swift to jump at the conclusion that the play was written to order, there being a seeming analogy between Modjeska's farewell and the mimic farewell of *Mistress Betty* on the stage. I can say from personal knowledge that the play was written before Modjeska ever heard of it, and whatever other shortcomings it may have, it is not a piece of shop-work, but an artistic conception,

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



FRANCIS SCHLATTER, THE NEW MEXICO "MESSIAH."

ONE of the most remarkable persons who has ever stirred the curiosity of the West is now drawing thousands daily to his humble home in Denver. Francis Schlatter, the New Mexico "Messiah," as he has been called, is holding levees that are without a parallel, probably, in the history of the country. He is credited with supernatural healing powers, and the faith of the people, or their blind credulity, is demonstrated daily by throngs of visitors seeking to be healed. He has been the subject of sermons by the leading clergymen of Denver, scores of whom call every day on this remarkable man for the purpose of divining his gift—if it can be so styled—only to go away at once mystified and impressed.

To all intents Schlatter is an ignorant and innocent-minded person, whose pretensions rest rather on the credulity of his visitor than on any declarations of his own. His healing he ascribes to the Father. He speaks of this relation in an impersonal way that does not imply any remote association with the Divinity, but his air of confidence and the more potent evidence of patients who have consulted him for the laying on of hands, carries with it the claim to an extraordinary endowment. He will not be drawn into a discussion of the means employed to impress persons with his great capacity for curing those ills that baffle the science of medicine. He simply declares to all comers, irrespective of social or professional standing, that if they believe they will be cured. He has awakened the deepest medical interest, and some of the most noted specialists in nervous complaints have visited him without acquiring any definite knowledge of the secret of his power. During the meeting of the National Public Health Association, many of the delegates, hailing from every part of Canada, Mexico, and the United States, paid him the honor of a visit, and were received with the same simple, unpretentious air that has characterized his dealings with the populace. He shrinks from none, and does not essay to cloak his movements with any of the tricks that are the chief resource of the ordinary fakir.

Schlatter announces that his stay in Denver is limited by "the Father" to the 16th of November, when he will be called to the East. The reported cures effected through his agency run into the hundreds, and his mail has to be hauled from the post-office in a wagon. It is estimated

that he is in receipt of a thousand letters daily, and, after he has passed a day at the gate of his little home in North Denver, he spends the greater part of the night answering the communications that pour in from every quarter of the country. His host, Mr. E. J. Fox, says he never retires before one or two o'clock in the morning, but so far he appears possessed of superhuman energy, for he shows no signs of weariness in treating the thousands who clamor for attention from the rising of the sun until long after the shades of evening have fallen.

His grasp is so strong that men and women who have had treatment have cried aloud, and the sensation is described as acute pain that darts through the body, for the moment causing intense suffering, and then relaxing into a delicious current that permeates every fibre of the frame. Babies in pain who have been the bane of the mother's life have become suddenly mollified with the touch of the healer, and have relapsed into sleep for the first time in weeks, even while the hands of the stranger have been upon them. Faith may have cured many of those adults who have flocked to the shrine, out medical men are staggered by the testimony of cures effected in infants only a few weeks old. One particular case has been loudly heralded as nothing short of the miraculous. It was in the person of a babe three years of age whose mind was a blank from birth. The parents are among the best known in Denver. They pleaded with the healer to come and see their child. For once the strange man departed from his rule and made a visit to the house of the little patient. A number of prominent men were present at the time, and after treatments lasting two weeks the baby gave signs of recognition and was crowing with glee. At the conclusion of the fourth visit the light of intelligence came into the little one's eyes and childish affection was manifest for the first time since it came into the world. It laughed and chattered in baby glee as it hugged its mother, while the tears of joy streamed down the happy woman's cheeks.

Engineers who have experienced benefit from the healer are among the daily callers, and there can be no question about their recovery, as they were all sufferers from defective vision that deprived them of their places on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway. After treatment they fully recovered their eyesight, and on submitting to medical examination by the expert physicians of the railroad, were reinstated.

But aside from all this is the fact that the "Messiah" does not accept any remuneration, nor will he allow any of the people around him to profit by the demand for attention. Rich and poor are on the same plane, and wealth so far has not been able to induce any discrimination. Schlatter is without a cent in the world, and has scarcely sufficient clothing to protect him from the weather, yet he proceeds, regardless of meteorological conditions, in his daily levees. He pauses not for meals or drink; rain or snow have not disturbed him; he disdains the use of an



A CORNER OF SCHLATTER'S ROOM, SHOWING ACCUMULATION OF MAIL.

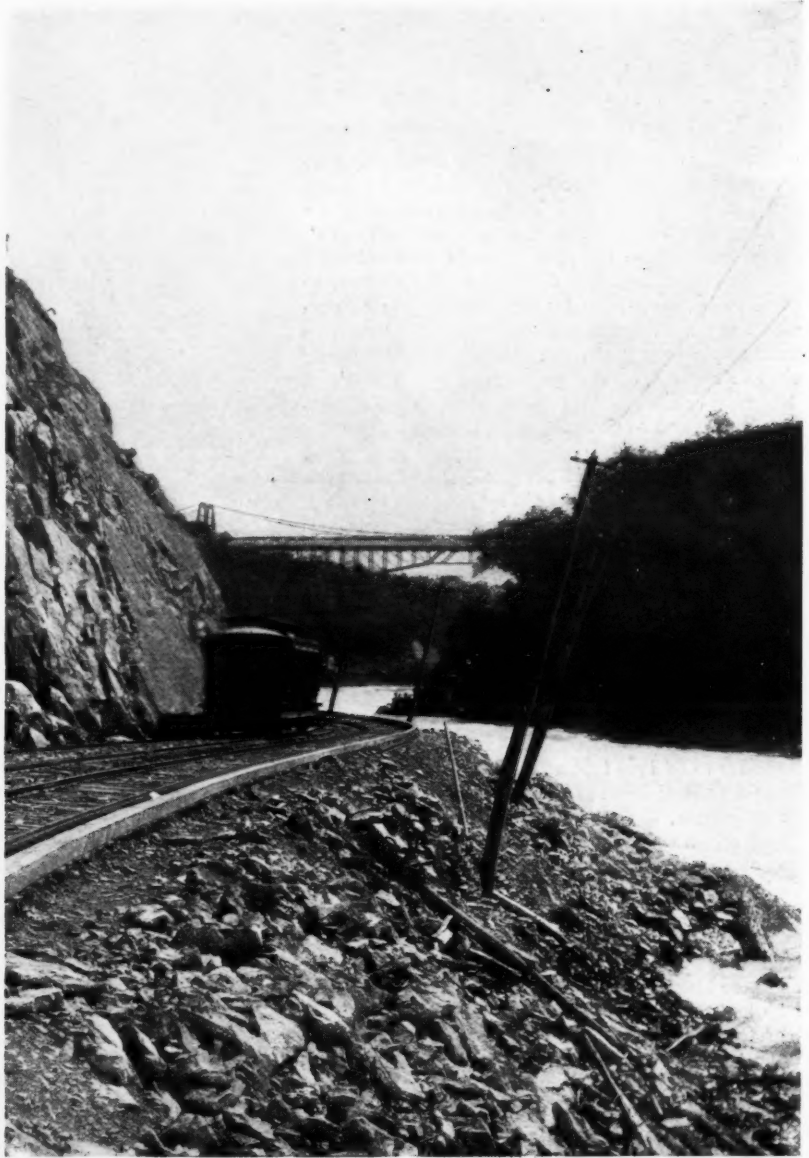
umbrella even when the elements are at their worst and the torrents descend in an avalanche.

Schlatter three months ago came into notice in Albuquerque, New Mexico, by performing cures among the simple Mexicans, and then his reputation passed beyond the narrow confines of the Territory through the agency of the newspapers. He concluded his wonderful career by indulging in a fast for forty days, and then was induced to go to Denver. He is a shoemaker by occupation, and in his dress affects the conventional appearance of the Son of God. He professes to be a Catholic, although he is variously reported as an atheist and a spiritualist by those who knew him before he claimed to have any divine attributes. Whatever he may be, he has been successful in attracting the attention of the entire Western country.

JOHN C. MARTIN,



THE TROLLEY LINE ON THE EDGE OF THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.
[SEE PAGE 283.]



THE TROLLEY IN THE NIAGARA GORGE, EXTENDING FROM THE FALLS
TO LEWISTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



THE PROPOSED ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION OF NIAGARA FALLS.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 283.]



MRS. L. ORMISTON CHANT, LEADER OF THE SOCIAL-PURITY
CRUSADE AGAINST LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.
[SEE PAGE 283.]



"And the hours sped merrily, notwithstanding the greivous news the landlord had to relate."

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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XXI. UNDER THE STARS.



HERE was a purple sky, upon which the stars shone like gems. Unhappily, they were not as propitious as they were beautiful. Once in a way one of them would flash into space, type of many a human life predestined to suffer eclipse within a few short days. The night was sweet and still—made for love. The trees whispered in the perfumed air. Mathilde rode by her husband's side. She could hardly realize the significance of their impromptu excursion. Joseph cantered on ahead.

De Fournier felt strangely in his bourgeois gear. It helped to give novelty to the situation. He looked none the less picturesque in his ample coat, his three-cornered hat, and his brocaded vest. Mathilde had combined her own attire with some ancient costumes of the farmer's wife, a richly-lined light cloak that was an heirloom, handed down by her grandmother, and a hood of brown velvet that became the young bride's rare complexion.

The narrow way from the Hermitage wound along toward the main road through the forest, with fields on one side and woods on the other.

"We are Citoyenne and Citizen Duval, by Monsieur Bertin's orders, Joseph tells me," said de Fournier, in a tone of mirthfulness, after a gallop over the half-league of road that brought them well into the forest. "You have changed your name, dear, already; to me it is a new sensation."

"It is like having a sweet secret, to be so disguised in name and dress," said Mathilde, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Another act in the gracious comedy of our honeymoon, Mathilde, and this excursion a gallant masquerade," said de

Fournier, "with a kindly starlight night specially provided by Nature's own stage-manager."

"You give life and hope, and make things bright that otherwise might be too sad for words," said Mathilde.

"Why, my love, we shall never be happier—two ardent lovers in the first days of their honeymoon. It seems a very paradise, yonder Hermitage; so humble, yet so full of pastoral dignity. When France is once more in repose we'll visit the farmer and his wife again, and hold high festival in commemoration of our bridal home."

All that was gentle in de Fournier's character made itself manifest under the influence of his young wife. Hitherto there had always been a certain tone of the grand seigneur in his wooing—a dash of the soldier, a something of the romance that belongs to lace and feathers and high estate. Now, with a touch of adversity and in close communion with the woman of his heart, de Fournier had discovered in himself a new world of thought and feeling. He had, furthermore, disclosed to Mathilde a new manner and a naturalness of demeanor that, making her still more fond, also increased her fears of the shadow under which they had found a sunshine of their own.

"When France is in repose again!" she said, with a sigh.

"You say that with a heart-ache."

"I feel no heart-ache so long as you are by my side. To ride under the stars out into the wide world, man and wife, is fulfillment of my best dreams."

"But if they take us—these men who may be even now upon our track? My heart stands still at thought of it."

Mathilde stretched forth her hand to him. He laid hold upon her bride and stooped to kiss her.

"They shall not take us," he answered quickly, his hand on his sword, but the next moment falling by his side, with the qualifying remark, "if God and the Virgin defend us."

"But if it be God's will to give us up?" she said, with a sigh.

"Why then, dear heart, we will bear our misfortunes with

courage. We must not expect to have all the sweets, and none of life's bitters."

"No, dear," she said. "God is giving us bitters already to check the cloy of our present sweets."

"Let us only think of the blessings of the time, and take no note of fear. Our hearts had long been one. He has permitted that our hands, too, should be joined; with this sunshine let us be content."

"Content!" said Mathilde, with a sigh. "It is hard to be hunted, yet only to have deserved well of those who are our enemies."

"Harder if we deserved ill of them, Mathilde," de Fournier replied. "Oh, for a free command with a thousand such spirits as the two Delaunys—*ainé* and cadet, as de la Galetierre called them! I would sweep Paris free of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and their vile crew."

"Dear Henri," said Mathilde, "if fate offered you the cue to fight I would not stay your arm; but there is a time to fight and a time to retreat."

"And a time to love," he said, his face aglow; "and come what may, we have had our supreme, our happy hour."

"You are very good to me," said Mathilde.

"Hist! Joseph is riding back to us."

"Pardon," said the faithful guide, "but it is wise that we push on."

De Fournier released Mathilde's hand. The horses advanced into a measured trot. No more words were spoken. They were now in the open road, and approaching Evrieux. There was a light in the distance.

"I will reconnoitre," said Joseph. "If all is well I shall return at once. There is a narrow road half a league on the right of the village, and a stretch of forest; be so good as to await me there."

Joseph galloped on. It was a straight road for half a league, then it swerved to the right. They kept him in sight to the

bend. The light disappeared, to come in view again when they reached the narrow way which Joseph had mentioned. Here they drew within the wood and sat quietly beneath the stars.

"You object to emigrating?" said Mathilde, presently.

"It is cowardly."

"But it is no more than a retreat before overwhelming forces," she said, "such as is permissible in war."

"But one does not retreat and leave one's captain behind," said Henri.

"You mean the king," said Mathilde. "But he has laid down his command."

"There is the queen, dear," he answered.

"Yes," said Mathilde, with a sigh; "there is the queen."

"I would do anything for your sake, my love," said Henri, her hand once more in his; "but you would not ask me to sacrifice my honor?"

"I think I would, dear husband, if it were to save your life," said Mathilde.

"To lose one's honor is to die."

"But to put honor aside when it is powerless, that you may take it up again when it can be useful," she said, "that is not the death of honor."

"Hush, dear," he said, bending over her. "There are troopers on the road, and they are coming this way."

He slipped from his saddle and led the two horses within the wood. He had scarcely done so when a company of the National Guard halted almost in front of them.

"I tell you," said one who was evidently in command, "yonder is the road to Liseaux, and the direct way to Honfleur."

"It may be so, Monsieur Laroche," said another; "it is certainly not the road to St. Germain, and Rouen is leagues away on our right. The question is, which is monsieur's route?"

"That I will tell to you later," said Laroche. "It may be to rest at Port Audamer, or farther afield at Rouen, or on to Dieppe."

"Monsieur is vague," said the other speaker.

"Monsieur is led by the nose like a dog on the scent," said Laroche; "and the scent is weak at present."

"You thought it strong yesterday," said the other.

"Stronger still the day before," said Laroche, "and the day before that, and by this time our quarry is safe among the foxes of the Vendée, I make no doubt, while we were hunting them miles out of their course."

"Why the Vendée?"

"The turbulent noble they call Marquis de la Rouaire is an old friend of the Delaunys. He has raised Brittany against the decrees of the National Assembly, and the aristocrats of the Vendée are going over to him."

"But why, then, did you expect the Delaunys were making for Dieppe?"

"I obeyed orders, my friend."

"Against your will?"

"No; against my judgment. I have no will under orders."

"You are a queer fellow, Citizen Laroche."

"Is it so queer to submit to discipline?"

"No; but if I had orders and knew they were wrong I would not obey them," said the other, who was in military command of Laroche's posse.

"Then one day you would be shot for disobedience," said Laroche.

"You talk as if you were an army man."

"I respect the training that makes men mere machines in the hands of the great chief; but I would hate to sink my individuality behind a knapsack coat and a flaunting feather."

"A queer chap," responded the soldier.

"Why, I'd rather a thousand times be a soldier than an agent of police, a detective, a spy, monsieur—saving your gracious presence."

This was said in a tone of banter.

"Call spying investigation, my friend, and it becomes dignified. The officer of police is a diplomat, and he may be a patriot in the first degree. A block may be a soldier. It requires a man of education, a gentleman, to be a great detective. And now that you have breathed your troop, let us drink to our better fortunes."

"And better tempers," said the other. "You carry something at your saddle besides pistols."

The soldier smirked his lips.

"There is no finer *eau-de-vie* in all France," said Laroche; "it puts new life into a man. Pass it round; we'll replenish at Liseaux."

For a little while the rest of the words of the two chiefs were muffled in the conversation of others. The troop had made a general halt. Most of them had dismounted. By and by the word to remount was given.

"And now which way does monsieur wish to travel?" asked the commander.

"No longer over foot-paths and through forests, tearing one's eyes out with branches of trees and risking one's neck over ditches," said Laroche; "but on the high road and straight for Honfleur."

"A long ride, monsieur."

"With plenty of resting-places en route. The

Golden Swan, at Evrieux, cannot be far away if yonder's the main road; and old Adrien has a good cellar, citizen captain."

"Forward, then!" said the other; and the troop clattered away, some in single file, others two abreast.

"They will meet Joseph," said Mathilde.

"No; he will see them along the road."

"A terrible name, Laroche!" she said.

"It was the captain who called the other Laroche?"

"Yes."

"A police agent?"

"A spy, and the creature of Robespierre," she said.

"You are well posted, my dear. Is this the man the little miniature painter warned you against?"

"He is her father," said Mathilde, lowering her voice. "He was educated for the law, she told me, and is a Revolutionary fanatic. I have not seen the girl for many days. I fear he has discovered her interest in us."

"It was fortunate that Joseph placed us here."

"I wonder if our flight from the Hermitage was wise?" said Mathilde.

"I think so," de Fournier replied; "but it may now be discreet to change our route."

"We are going toward the coast?"

"Yes; toward the coast," said Henri.

"My dear love," exclaimed Mathilde, "is it possible that—"

"If we secure a boat, yes."

"Now I know indeed that you love me," she said. "Kiss me, Henri. You will put aside your honor for your love?"

"My darling!" exclaimed de Fournier, drawing her toward him. "If we get to the coast, and Joseph has good news of your father and the duchess, we will cross to England. Monsieur Bertin has made all the arrangements through a friend, who endangers his own life in carrying them out. Joseph expects news from the Château de Louvet by a messenger who will await us at Honfleur. He told me all this while he was transforming me from count to citizen—from de Fournier, at your service, to Citizen Duval; and you have never told me how you like my costume?"

"Nay; let us talk seriously. Do you think we shall be successful?"

"I hope so."

"Do you think so?"

"If we are we shall be pioneers of a colony of friends, and we shall find a home on the southern coast of England. But there are conditions, dear."

"Conditions?" said Mathilde, noticing that de Fournier did not speak in an earnest, convincing manner.

"That the men of the new colony, the moment the time is ripe for action, shall return with their swords to France."

"But if we fail?"

"Why, then we are in the hands of God."

The time ran quickly on with sweet and anxious passages of love and hope, and doubt and fear. De Fournier reconciled his heart and ambition to any venture that might secure the happiness of Mathilde. His love for her overcame all other thoughts. His duty and his ambition, everything belonged to her. She was now the one treasure fate had intrusted to his keeping. And now he began to count the minutes that delayed Joseph's return.

"He is coming," said Mathilde. "Listen!"

"Yes; thank God, it is a single rider," said de Fournier, as the galloping of the horse began to break upon the stillness of the night.

Presently the gallop became a trot, and, nearing the spot where the fugitives were concealed, the rider reined in his steed and stopped by the fringe of the forest.

"It is I—Joseph," he said.

"Welcome, my brave friend," responded de Fournier; and Joseph's heart beat gratefully at the word friend.

"All's well," said Joseph, "at present; but we are pursued—we are pursued. Laroche and a company of National Guards are at Evrieux by this; they will sup there. I heard their plans for the night. We must push on to Liseaux; there is a road that avoids Evrieux; everything depends on our getting to Honfleur before them, if that is their destination."

"We are in your hands, Joseph," said de Fournier, adding a brief explanation of what they had seen and heard.

"It was most fortunate," said Joseph, "that they did not come upon you. Their hunt is toward the coast, one way or the other; I saw them coming along the road in good time to avoid them. From the few words I overheard, I don't think they have Honfleur in their minds; most likely they will turn aside for Rouen; it may be that they have a scout awaiting them at Evrieux. Between Evrieux and Liseaux there is a village off the main road little known, with an old inn, the Cabaret La Normandie; I have good report of it. We can rest there for an hour, and bait our cattle."

"Then lead on, Joseph," said de Fournier;

and once more the trio started on their perilous journey.

On through the night, with occasional alarms; now at a gallop, now steadily, to breathe their horses; now walking stilly past wayside lodges with closed gates and dim avenues of trees, giving Evrieux a wide berth, and pulling up at last on the outskirts of a sleeping village. Here Mathilde and de Fournier remained in the shadow of a clump of chestnut-trees while Joseph made arrangements for their entertainment.

There had been some village festival at the inn, which had kept the landlord and his wife up later than usual. Joseph, to his great delight, found them staunch royalists. He returned for his two companions in high spirits.

"A loyal house, and with supper ready," said Joseph; "and I propose a rest for Citoyenne Duval of not one hour but three."

"Merci, Monsieur le Capitaine Joseph," said de Fournier, with a laugh. "Come, good wife Duval, and be refreshed with supper and with rest."

Out from the shadow sprang the two horses, and in a few minutes they were in the old inn stables, being regaled with oatmeal and water, and rubbed down and made comfortable.

Madame de the inn received Mathilde with matronly kindness; took her to her own room, where the disguised countess laid aside her hat and cloak, and, after a basin of soup and a cup of wine, undressed and went to bed—for so the good dame advised—and from sheer fatigue fell fast asleep; while the count and Joseph sat down to a supper of game pie and sausages and a couple of bottles of red wine.

The landlord joined them afterward, and produced pipes and tobacco; and the three hours sped right merrily, notwithstanding the grown-some news the landlord had to relate second-hand, as travelers' tales, of Paris and Lyons which he had recently heard at Liseaux. It seemed that the spirit of the Revolutionary Tribunal was stirring up the worst passions of the people right through France. De Fournier was glad to hear that the king had friends in Normandy, many and true; and that even along the coast, as near as Honfleur, the insurrectionary movement was not so popular as the agents of the convention in Paris seemed to desire. Recently several curious and unexpected travelers had rested at the inn, most of them, as they had gathered, favorable to the king, but others Revolutionists and of a bloodthirsty nature; overbearing, too, and not over honest; highwaymen, some, by their talk. It was true, he said, that there was great distress in the country districts—scarcity of corn, and heavy imposts of taxes; but he thanked God his little harvest had been well got, and that with the help of a frugal wife he was fairly well off and able to help his neighbors.

"I feel quite a new man," said the count to Joseph, when the time for continuing their journey had arrived. "I might be Citizen Duval in very truth, so gorged am I, my Joseph, and hot in the mouth with our host's tobacco. It is time I called my wife, the good dame Citoyenne Duval, eh?"

XXII.

"LOVE CAN HOPE WHERE REASON WOULD DESPAIR."

It was nearly daylight when the two good people wished their guests God-speed; and de Fournier's spirits rose with the prospect of putting leagues between them and their possible pursuers before the day was over.

"You shall wear these, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse, and I shall call you no other than citoyenne and citizen for the rest of our journey," said Joseph, after their first long spin and they were riding leisurely.

He produced a couple of tricolor favors, ready mounted with pins, adding, in response to de Fournier's look of surprise, "Nay, your disguise is not complete without them; and it is only acting. Our hearts are true, but we must fight the enemy with his own weapons."

"He is right, dear," said Mathilde, taking the tricolor and pinning it on her breast.

"It is a hateful thing to do," said de Fournier.

"Nay, dear; the king wore the cockade," said Mathilde.

"The gravest of his mistakes; he is a prisoner by reason of it."

"It was Monsieur Bertin's orders, if you please," said Joseph; "and the same colors were in your new uniform, Monsieur le Comte."

"With a difference, Joseph; with a difference," said de Fournier, toying with the Revolutionary emblem.

"And, moreover, you are vouched for as a good patriot, and your name is Duval," said Joseph; "Citizen Duval and Citoyenne Duval, your wife."

Joseph smiled as he produced an exceptionally clever forgery of the permits to travel and to quit France, signed by Robespierre. It was no very difficult matter at that time to buy such

passports. An excellent trade in similar documents had long been established in Paris.

"Monsieur Bertin has been more than thoughtful," said de Fournier.

"And it is possible he may join us—it is possible he may quickly follow us with madame and the young ladies," said Joseph.

"And what of the Duke and Duchess de Louvet?"

"There is a way made safe for them," Joseph replied, "if the duke will accept assistance. Citoyenne de Louvet is the friend of the Deputy Grébauval, who assures her safety; besides, she is indeed a Revolutionary."

"Citoyenne de Louvet!" exclaimed de Fournier; but he checked the uncomplimentary remark that was on his lips and looked at Mathilde.

"Have patience, dear; put on the new colors."

"Do, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph.

"You are Monsieur Bertin's representative."

"He told me, if you please, that I was to act as if I were your captain."

"Then this" (holding up the cockade) "is a matter of discipline, eh?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well; a soldier knows how to obey orders," said the count, "and hopes to learn patience with his love," he added, smiling at Mathilde and donning the hateful badge.

And so they rode boldly for Honfleur. A bribe well placed, the passports duly honored, the party dismounted at the sign of "The Ship." So far all went well. An agent of Monsieur Bertin sauntered in as they handed their horses to the stableman; Joseph was to take them back to the Hermitage.

While the two guests, bourgeois citizen and his wife, took some refreshment and prepared for their journey, Joseph went forth to the rendezvous where a lugger was to be ready for the journey across the channel. But, alas! the lugger was not ready. The enterprising fisherman had been arrested and his boat was moored alongside the quay, in charge of an officer of the local Revolutionary committee that had only just been constituted. Monsieur Bertin's agent gave Joseph this information as they walked to the quay. It was possible, he said, that he might still procure another vessel. He had provided a small boat for them, and they would be picked up outside the harbor if things turned out favorably for embarking; but within the last four-and-twenty hours the new officers had been very active in taking note of all outward-bound vessels, down to the smallest boat. The night was favorable, however, and he hoped for success. It had surprised him, he confessed, that they had passed into the place so freely. His own idea had been to make a rendezvous a mile or two south, along the coast, but Monsieur Bertin's instructions were imperative, and as little or no emigration had been effected from Honfleur, it was considered safer than most other points on the coast. Moreover, the people, until the previous few days, had not been as much roused by events in Paris as their neighbors, and there had, in a sort, been many favorable signs for the king.

Reconnoitring the creek where the agent's small boat lay, they were challenged by a gendarme evidently posted for some purpose unfavorable to the agent's plans. He was, however, able to pass the officer's scrutiny, and said he wanted merely to fetch some fish from his boat for his friend's supper. The officer disliked to interfere with a well-known citizen, but no boats could leave Honfleur without a permit of the committee, on this particular night at all events. Monsieur Bertin's agent whispered something in the officer's ear, and then, saying aloud that he would come for his fish later, returned to the inn with Joseph.

"In two hours' time," he said, "the course will be clear; he will then be relieved, and by a man who is in my employment. I shall know how to detain him. Till then hold your friends in readiness."

Before the two hours were up, however, there rode pell-mell into Honfleur Laroche and his posse. De Fournier had barely time to draw before Laroche covered him with a pistol, and two of his dismounted troopers, with their captain, were at his back.

"Resistance is as useless as your disguise," said Laroche. "I would know you among a thousand."

Had he been alone, de Fournier, spite of pistols and warnings, would have made a fight of it, though he should have lost his life in the struggle, but Mathilde clung to his arm. Joseph only arrived in time to saddle his horses and escape. His first impulse was to share the fate of the fugitives he had led so unfortunately; his second was to hang on their rear and note their dispositions. With this object he crept stealthily through the town and made a long detour. Commending himself and his cause to God, he made for the road for Paris.

It was with a sad heart that Mathilde, early the next morning, found herself retracing her steps toward St. Germain. The count, by every

kind of little attention and with many a comforting word, endeavored to smooth the way. Laroche, mindful of his daughter's interest in his prisoners, had shown much consideration for their comfort. He had permitted them to ride with a long distance between them and their guard, so that they should be free from immediate surveillance. He had, however, first taken de Fournier's word that he would make no attempt at escape. The count, having been disarmed and being without the slightest hope of rescue, had given his word; and, as if by a mutual understanding, neither he nor Mathilde talked of their mishap.

Now that she realized the worst, Mathilde was just as brave as the count. So long as their fate was in doubt she was timid, almost to cowardice. The worst being realized, their capture complete, she was bent on making the best of it, resolved to let her love and fortitude shine upon the shadow of her husband's defeat.

All day, except for a short respite to bait both man and beast, the prisoners and their escort wended their way along the dusty roads, through fields of half-gleaned wheat, by yellowing woods, skirting quiet villages, and crossing shining rivers. At night they lay at Liseaux; and the next day on again they rode toward Evrieux.

"If it be agreeable," said Laroche, "to-morrow night we propose to rest at the Hermitage."

"We must obey your orders, monsieur," said the count.

"Nay, let it be so," interposed Mathilde.

"I thought to please you with this proposal," said Laroche, in an offended tone.

"And so you do," Mathilde replied; "and there is another, not present, whom your consideration would please."

"And who may that be, citoyenne?" asked Laroche.

"Your daughter, monsieur," said Mathilde.

"Do not name her," said Laroche; "it were better not."

"Why, monsieur? Because she is good and kind, and has a great heart?"

"Because she is untrue to France."

"You mean that love and friendship are sacred things to her?"

"There is no love nor friendship outside the love of France," said Laroche; "but I would prefer not to talk of this. Is it your wish we rest at the Hermitage?"

"Yes," said the count.

"I propose, then, to dispatch a messenger thither to give the people warning of our coming."

Meanwhile Joseph, having borrowed a fresh horse at Evrieux, was well on his way to St. Germain, to inform Monsieur Bertin of the failure of their plans and the desirability of changing his own scheme of removal, and in the hope of raising there a rescue party to meet Laroche and his prisoners between St. Germain and the barriers. (To be continued.)

The Liberty Bell at Atlanta.

THE transfer of the old Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Atlanta, where it has been placed in the exposition, was a veritable triumphal progress. Carried on a special train in charge of a committee of the municipal authorities of Philadelphia, it was greeted at every railway station by multitudes of people, who manifested the utmost eagerness to see the historic relic. At Atlanta its welcome was characterized by unprecedented enthusiasm. The local newspapers announce that there has never

been such an outpouring of people in that city as assembled on this occasion. Not only were the streets densely thronged, but every available point of observation from the roofs and windows of buildings, was occupied. The escort party was met at the city limits by the mayor of Atlanta and a local committee. On the 8th instant, the day following the bell's arrival, there was an elaborate parade, in which the local militia, several patriotic orders, and the school children participated. The bell was drawn by six horses, and was formally received by the mayor of the city at the Pennsylvania building in the exposition grounds, where all the parading companies passed in review in front of the relic. Governor Atkinson welcomed the bell in behalf of the State, the Atlanta Artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns, and there was patriotic music, instrumental and vocal. It is mentioned as a pleasant incident of the occasion that all the school children who participated in the demonstration were permitted to touch the bell as they filed by it in the exposition grounds. It is obvious that the old bell which rang out liberty for all the people is, in these later days, doing an excellent missionary work in stimulating the patriotism of all classes of American citizens.

A Wise Beneficence Wisely Managed.



JAMES A. MACKNIGHT.

Dr. D. H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, proposed this institution there were serious misgivings among business men in his congregation, as it was not thought that it would prove anything more than a new way of giving charity to more or less deserving people. Some thought that ninety per cent. of the money loaned on chattel mortgages would be lost, while the most sanguine regarded fifty per cent. as about the right figure.

Dr. Greer engaged J. A. MacKnight, a practical newspaper man, who was thoroughly acquainted with New York life, to inaugurate the work, in February, 1894. He has carried it on since that time, and over two thousand loans, amounting to about eighty-five thousand dollars, have been made. The losses have not aggregated one-half of one per cent. thus far, and there is no prospect that they would exceed one per cent. on the business done if the accounts were to be closed at this time. Mr. MacKnight has put his heart as well as his brain into the conduct of the bureau, and it is his belief that it will grow and become one of the most beneficent institutions in the city, while being also on a self-sustaining basis, and in all essential respects a business concern. He is interested in all projects looking to the relief and betterment of the poor and unfortunate, and an ardent advocate of a system of colonization for certain classes of the poor, which he hopes to illustrate in practice before long.

Mr. MacKnight, whose portrait is presented to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, was born in Salt Lake City at the height of Mormon civilization. Family ties allied him closely with Brigham Young, of whose personality he got some picturesque views that he has since embodied in a novel called "Hagar," published by Belford, Clarke & Co. just before their collapse. Mr. MacKnight's book would have made a sensation in the literary world had it been launched under better auspices. He will soon publish a volume dealing with topics as vital to the nation's weal as Mormonism was when he wrote "Hagar." Mr. MacKnight represented the United States as consul at St. Helena from 1882 to 1887. Afterward he edited the *Helena Journal* in Montana. Mr. MacKnight has traveled extensively in Spain, Italy, and Africa. While editing the *Helena Journal* he was imprisoned for contempt of court by Judge McHatton, of Butte, for an article on the Davis will contest, but was released by the Supreme Court, which gave a decision in his favor and in favor of the

right of free speech which has since been widely quoted as a precedent. The Davis will case has recently been settled after years of litigation.

Niagara Gorge Trolley Line.

THE past summer witnessed the construction of a double-track electric trolley line through the Niagara gorge for a distance of five miles along the American bank, a few feet up from the water's edge. The purpose of its projectors was to afford visitors to the falls an opportunity to see the whirlpool rapids, the great whirlpool, and the beautiful banks of the gorge from the most advantageous points.

The cars of the gorge road are reached by descending the river bank at the Buttery elevator, right where the whirlpool rapids dash highest and wildest. It is a truly grand spectacle that greets the tourist's eyes as he boards the trolley car. On his right the cliff stands straight up for two hundred feet, and on the left the foam-lashed river plunges through the gorge at a pace that is startling. The car starts, and Nature's beautiful Niagara panorama is unrolled. Now the river is churned to a milky whiteness; then, suddenly, it assumes a more quiet air, and in coloring is a dark blue-green. This transformation is frequently repeated until, as the Lewiston end is approached, the river widens and its waters, becoming calm and restful, flow slowly and almost sluggishly toward Lake Ontario. As the whirlpool rapids are left behind the view presented is across the whirlpool—the most famous river pocket in the world—and as the car turns a sharp angle at the outlet its formation is fully revealed to the gaze. The road-bed is about twenty feet up from the water's edge.

O. E. DUNLAP.

Electric Illumination of Niagara.

THE trolley line recently opened along the Niagara gorge and operated by the cataract's power, remarkable as it is as a feat of engineering, is but one of the changes which are to be wrought out at Niagara during the next few years. Nor do we refer especially to the work to be done by the giant dynamos that stand, the Titans of a new era, above the deep wheel-pits of the power company. Their work will largely be felt at a distance, rather than in immediate proximity to the falls, and will not be so evident to the visitor. The changes alluded to are of a scenic rather than a mechanical and productive character.

Acting on the hint of the electric illumination of the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, a spectacle that attracts great numbers of tourists, the Michigan Central Railroad some time since quietly entered into negotiations with the General Electric Company at Schenectady for the placing of two forty-eight-inch searchlights at Falls View, in such a manner that their powerful rays, intensified by the reflectors to about one hundred thousand candle-power each, may be thrown directly upon the Horseshoe Fall in the foreground, or spread out, by the use of oval lenses, over the whole expanse of the Canadian and American falls.

In the manipulation of the lights colored screens will be used, and those who remember the fairy-like magnificence of the electric fountains at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago may be able to form a faint conception of the gorgeous effects which will be produced upon one of the grandest spectacles that earth can present. For nowhere does the application of colored light, and especially the piercing rays of electric light, have such a magical effect as upon water and ice. On summer nights the falling masses of water will be made to sparkle with myriads of gems, or seem a cataract of pearl; and again the awful vortex will be made to glow with a fiery light as from the depths of Kilauca or Maunaloa. Then the ever-changing waters may "suffer a sea-change" in a beam of mystic green, and this may be as suddenly replaced by a warm yellow light that will transmute the waters into liquid gold. The effects of the light upon the clouds of steaming vapor will be most picturesque, while in winter, turned upon the fantastic ice formations of Goat Island and the ice-bridge below, the spectacle cannot be otherwise than a brilliant one.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

A Social Purity Reformer.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT, who achieved distinction by her crusade against London music-halls, and especially against the Empire Theatre of Varieties, is now in this country for the purpose of an extended lecture tour, chiefly in the West. Mrs. Chant is not entirely a stranger to our people, this being her third visit, and she has many friends among those who are engaged in the social-purity movement. She has

some literary reputation, having published two volumes of poetry, and written voluminously on the topics in which she is especially interested. The incidents attending the crusade against the famous London "Empire," which is essentially a music-hall and not a theatre, are still familiar to the public. The opposition to the licensing of the place was based upon the charge that it was a conspicuously immoral resort, and that its influence was most pernicious. As a result of the hostile demonstration, which was prosecuted with great vigor and awakened general interest, a license was refused by the authorities and the place was closed for the time being. Recently, however, the London county council has restored the license, and the Empire is again in full tide of operation. Mrs. Chant is criticised for abandoning the field at this important stage in the conflict, but she excuses herself on the ground of her lecture engagements in this country, and she insists that the movement against the music-halls will be eventually successful, though it may be embarrassed by temporary defeats.

People Talked About.

—THERE are still current in Boston some entertaining anecdotes of the experiences as a clerk of General Nelson A. Miles. Miles arrived in Boston from the country town of his nativity clad in a green jacket, short trousers, and green tarpaulin hat—a style of attire that excited the hilarity of the city boys. He found employment in a crockery store, and after the outbreak of the war, when his name began to be mentioned in the dispatches, his old employer is said to have remarked that "if Nelson Miles could kill rebels as easily as he could break crockery he would make a fine soldier."

—The German composer, Humperdinck, who is introduced to American audiences this season by the presentation of his famous fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," is forty-one years old, and a man of pleasing personality. He is regarded as Wagner's heir, and his opera has enjoyed extraordinary vogue on the continent. The libretto is based on the nursery tale of the "Babes in the Wood." As a student in the conservatories of Cologne and Munich, Humperdinck bore off all the prizes, and after teaching in the Barcelona Conservatory he settled, in 1890, in Frankfurt.

—According to a Philadelphia newspaper man, who gave him careful scrutiny recently, signs of age are becoming manifest in General James Longstreet, the last of the Confederate corps commanders. It is not only in his thin white hair and white whiskers, but in the stoop of his shoulders, his slowness of step, and the lack of fire in his eye. His deafness is worse. General Longstreet is very unlike a military man in his attire, for he affects clothes of sober black, not too well made, and it is alleged that a stranger might mistake him for a preacher.

—Charles F. Lummis, who writes so entertainingly of life in the far Southwest—life tinged with Spanish, Aztec, and Indian color—is a young man of thirty-five, who lives nowadays in Los Angeles. His old home was in the East. A chance acquaintance might mistake him for a Mexican cowboy, for he wears a brown corduroy suit with an enormous sombrero of the same color, and about his waist is a red sash, the product of a Pueblo Indian loom. For a long time he lived in an Indian village, where he had gone to recruit his shattered health.

—On November 23d the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley will be celebrated at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, and the event promises to be one of unusual interest, for the aged actress will then appear in one of the parts in which she won celebrity years ago. Mrs. Keeley is the oldest living British actress, as Mr. Howe, who is now in the United States with Sir Henry Irving's company, is the oldest actor. One of the prominent traits of their great age is their extreme liveliness of demeanor.

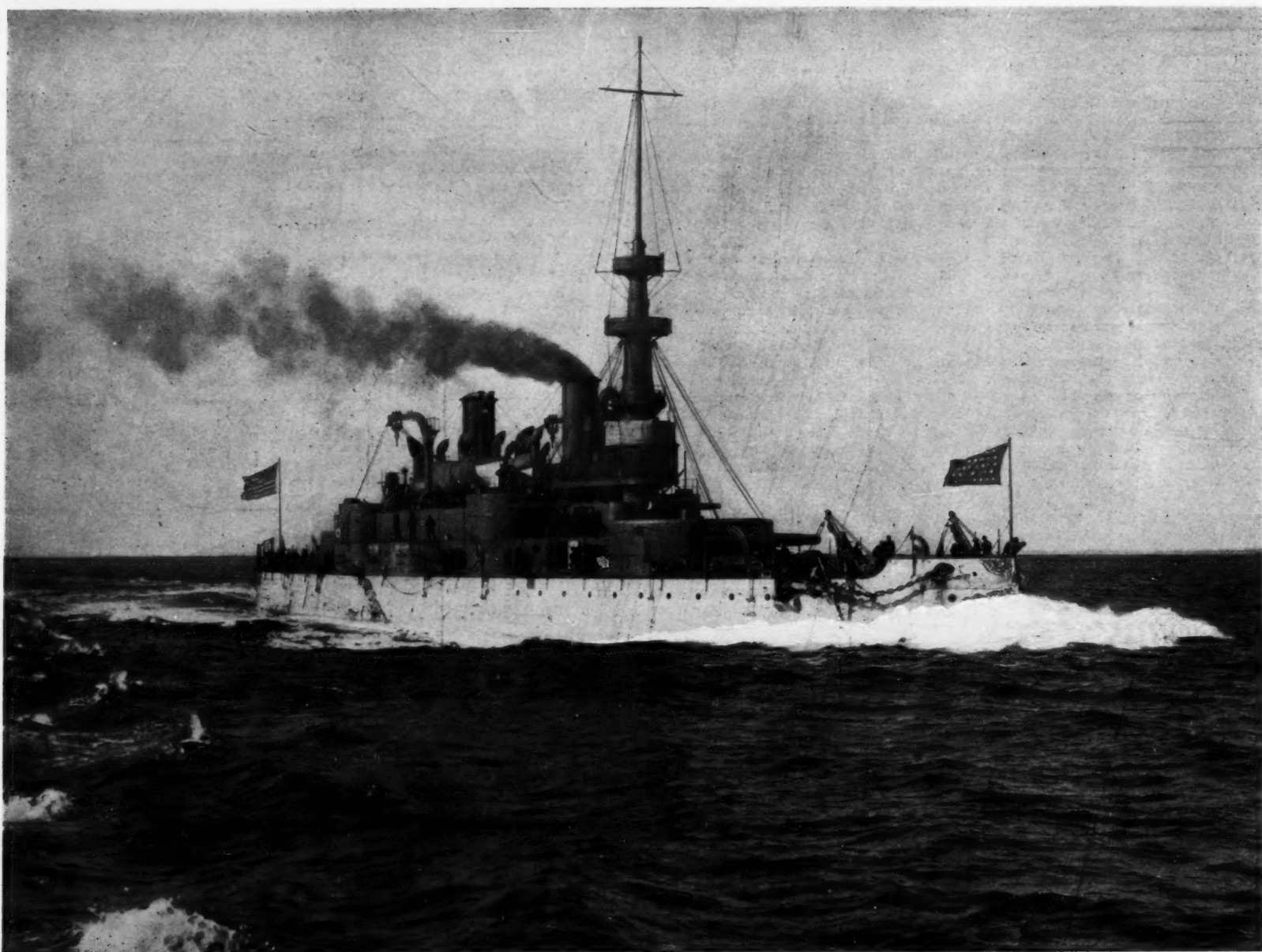
—It is said of ex-Senator Ingalls, who may again represent Kansas in the Senate, that if he could afford it he would wear a new suit of clothes every day. Mr. Ingalls is not a man of great wealth. He is reputed to be worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he lives in good style in Atchison, where he has a handsome home. The ex-Senator is now sixty-two years old, but in the very prime of his powers as an orator and statesman.

—General Saussier, who would command the French army in case of war, is past seventy years, an age at which an American commander-in-chief would have been long retired, but still a robust and clear-headed man of affairs. He is a soldier of unusual stature, and at present he is the military governor of Paris.

—Mr. Bart Kennedy, who has contributed to the columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, is now located in London, where he seems to be making his way successfully. His portrait, with a two-column sketch and interview, appears in the *London American*, and the *Sun* has published several stories from his pen.

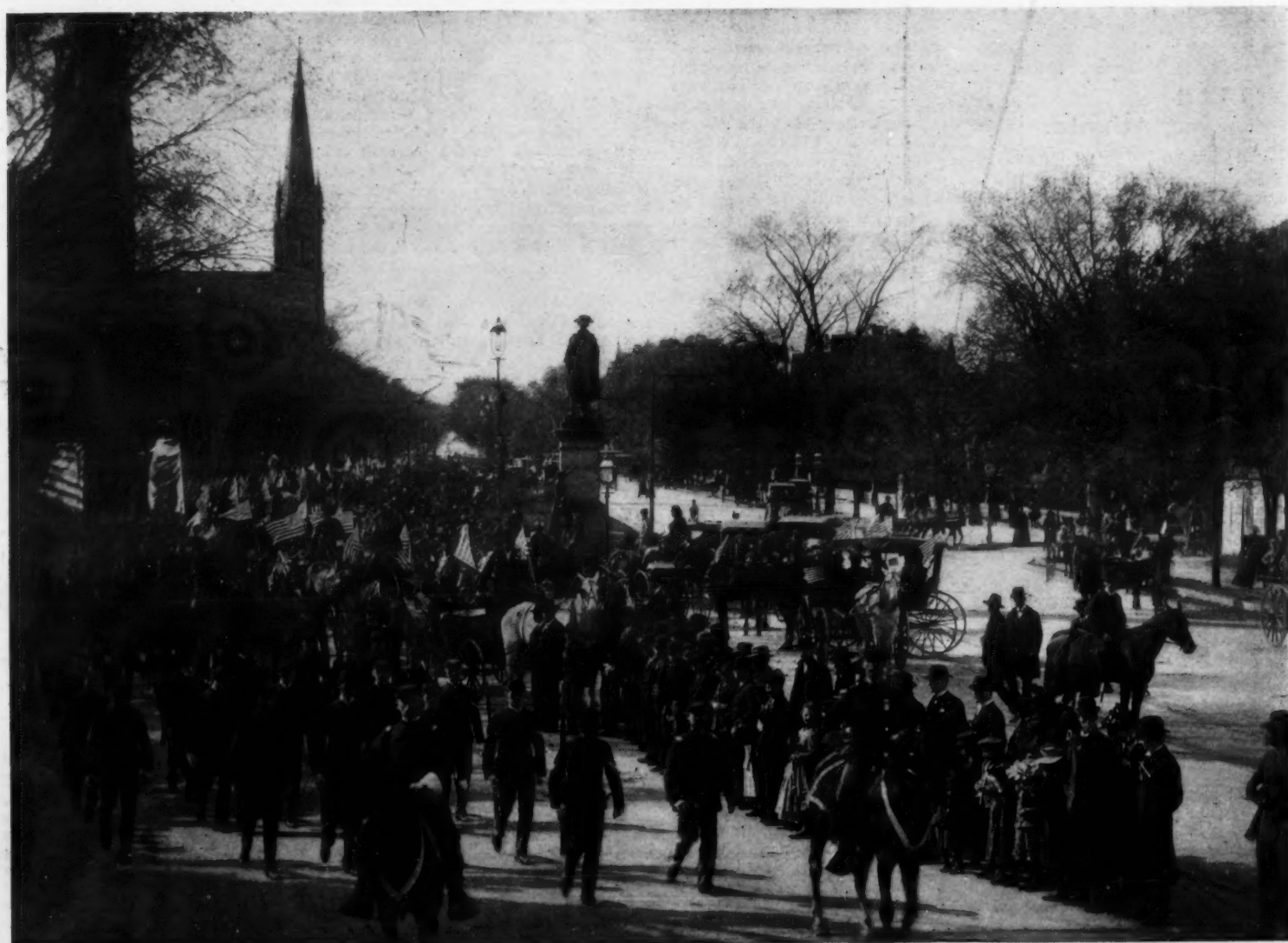


MARSICK, VIOLINIST AND COMPOSER, WHO HOPES TO REPEAT THE SUCCESSES OF TSAYE.



On her trial-trip, the battle-ship *Indiana* made an average speed of 15.61 knots an hour for four hours, being in excess of the speed required by the government.

THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA," THE PRIDE OF OUR NEW NAVY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. RAC.



SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, CELEBRATED WITH IMPOSING DISPLAY ON OCTOBER 10TH—A GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT STREET PROCESSION (FIRST BATTALION, FOURTH INFANTRY, WISCONSIN NATIONAL GUARD).—PHOTOGRAPH BY S. L. STEIN.



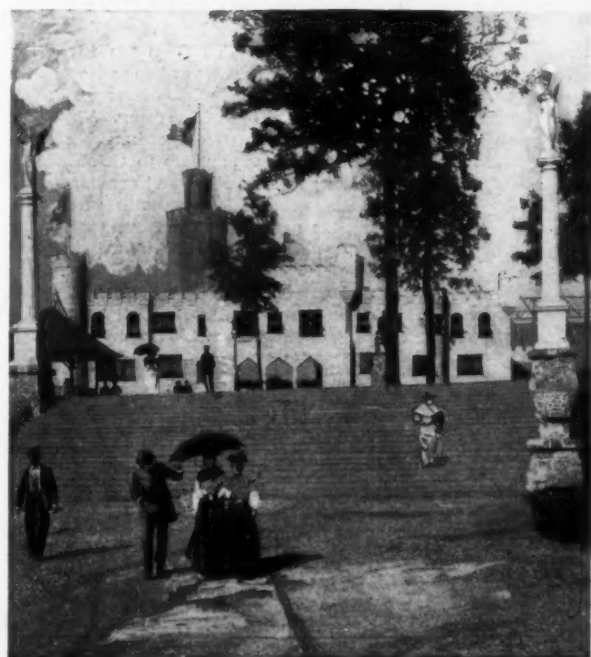
THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.



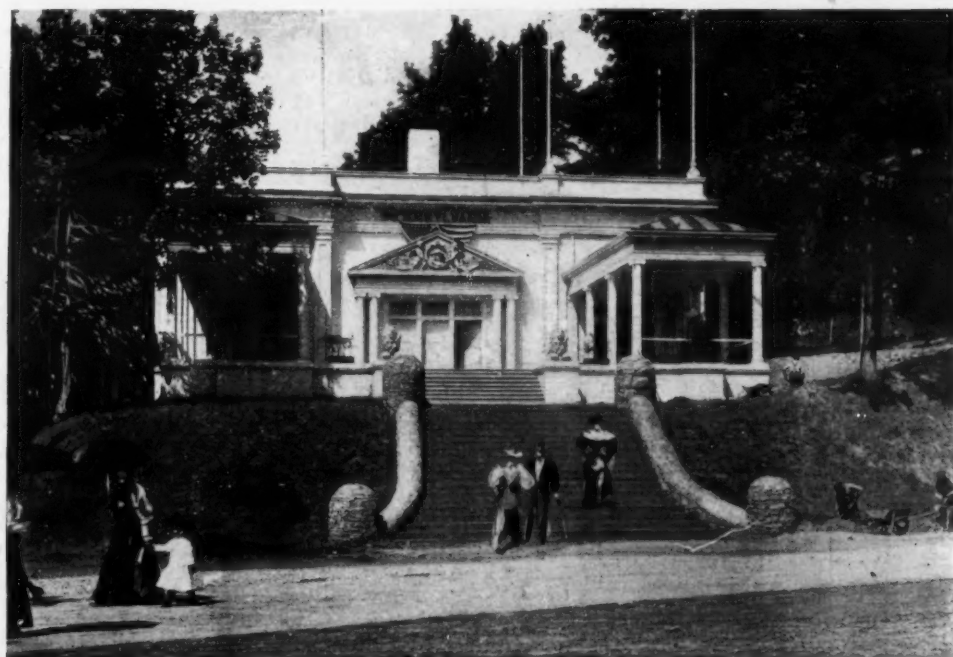
THE GEORGIA STATE BUILDING.



THE WEST APPROACH ALONG THE GOVERNMENT TERRACE.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING.

FAILURE OF NEGRO COLONIZATION IN MEXICO.

THE first and only attempt ever made to establish a colony of American negroes in Mexico has recently come to a sudden and disastrous end. In February of this year the Tlahualilo Agricultural Company of Durango, Mexico, shipped about one thousand negroes, men, women, and children, from Alabama and Georgia to the company's ranch, fifty miles north of the city of Torreon. Within five months after the arrival at the Tlahualilo hacienda, two hundred of the negroes were dead, four or five hundred were quarantined in small-pox camps along the American side of the Rio Grande, and, with the exception of a few who remained on the ranch, the rest were scattered along the road between Durango and Alabama, footsore and weary, sick, and dependent upon charity for subsistence.

The history of this Mexican experiment with imported negro labor is full of interest, by reason of the wealth and prominence of the company undertaking it, the apparently favorable conditions for the negro at the outset, his total failure at self-government, and the effect it has had in Mexico upon the social and business standing of the negro race. The Tlahualilo Company is a great concern, its stockholders representing many millions of dollars. It is counted a rich company in a country of many enterprises of great magnitude, requiring incredible amounts of money for investment. The Tlahualilo hacienda comprises over two million acres, and upon this broad domain five million dollars has been expended for improvements. An irrigating ditch from the Nazas River feeds

passed laws making the emigration agent a criminal, and Ellis's life was threatened upon more than one occasion. He had sowed the seed, however, and it produced a bountiful crop. The railroad stations were besieged by crowds of colored people anxious to go. Two special trains carrying the one thousand negroes were rushed through the South, across the Rio Grande into Mexico, the negroes chanting plantation songs as they went, happy in the belief that they were traveling to a land flowing with milk and honey. Most of them took a few household goods, which under Ellis's concession were admitted free of duty.

The colony was soon organized and work commenced, the company furnishing everything. It was too great and sudden a change for the negro, however. Unprecedented late and cold rains set in, the water they drank was from shallow wells dug in the alkali-impregnated lake bed, their new diet was beans and broken corn, the people about them spoke a strange tongue, no white overseers kept them in check, religious frenzies interfered with the work, and a disorganization that, later on, was to prove complete set in. To add an element of terror to the situation, a strange disease broke out among them. The bodies of those afflicted swelled from waist to knee to enormous size, and death stalked abroad in the colony with hideous familiarity. One hundred were soon buried, and the colony was panic-stricken. Squads commenced to sneak away in the night. This was soon followed by the open desertion of crowds, all ignorant of direction and unaware



CAMP JENNER, SHOWING A GROUP OF REFUGEES FROM TLAHUALILO.

selves by chance along the line of the Mexican Central and the Mexican International railroads, and worked their way north. Sensational reports of the condition of the colony and the treatment of the colonists by the company were sent out by the news agencies until the attention of the Mexican and the United States governments was attracted to the situation. A voluminous correspondence then ensued between the State departments of both governments, by mail and by wire, one conversation

concerned in the alleged mistreatment of one thousand American citizens.

By order of Secretary Olney the colonists were hauled by the railroads to the American side of the Rio Grande. Here they were quarantined by the authorities of the State of Texas. Later on it was found that the Texas State quarantine fund of fifteen thousand dollars was about exhausted, and the United States government was called upon to take charge of the whole affair, which was promptly done. Camp



ONE OF THE NEGRO REFUGEE CAMPS.

six hundred miles of canal, the construction of which cost two and a quarter millions, and these six hundred miles of ditch carry water to irrigate one hundred square miles of cultivated land that once formed the bed of Tlahualilo Lake. A railroad fifty-five miles in length is now being built to handle the business of this one ranch alone, and flour, corn, oil, and cotton mills are now in course of erection. It is one of the greatest industrial propositions of northern Mexico.

Notwithstanding the fact that several thousand Mexicans, men, women, and children, call this ranch their home and derive their living from company employment, the labor question is a serious matter in this laguna country. The company considered many schemes for supplying this deficiency, but finally made a contract with W. H. Ellis, a well-known negro colonizer, to supply it with American negroes, at so much per head. Ellis was the owner of a concession from the Mexican government allowing him to import twenty thousand American negroes under most favorable terms as to exemption from duties, taxes, etc. The company paid the transportation charges, amounting to twenty dollars for each negro, and agreed to advance a certain sum of money each month to the head of each family until the first crop was made, half of the net proceeds of which the negroes were to have.

A settlement was planned for them distinct from that of the Mexicans. Several hundred adobe huts were built, forming a hollow square, in the centre of which was a store, church, and school-houses. Ellis went into Georgia and Alabama on his recruiting tour, and caused great excitement among the negroes of the entire South. The planters became alarmed at the threatened exodus. Legislatures hastily

that they were starting out into a practically uninhabited wilderness.

The company tried to stem the tide by persuasion and by force. Medicine was dealt out by the wholesale, but with no perceptible results. The dread disease, small-pox, then made its appearance in the camp and completed the wreck. Several hundred of the negroes found their way to Torreon, where they were at once quarantined. Some died on the way out, of privation and exposure. Others found them-

between Washington and Torreon holding the wires for six hours at a single stretch. A searching investigation is now in progress through the medium of the Mexican courts at Lerdo, assisted by the United States consular officials, a full report of which will shortly be made to both governments. The Mexican government is anxious to correct the sensational stories that have been sent abroad derogatory to the company and reflecting upon the country as a whole, and the United States government is



THE MEDICAL HEADQUARTERS AT CAMP JENNER, NEAR EAGLE PASS, TEXAS, SURGEON G. M. MAGRUDER IN COMMAND.

Jenner was established three miles from Eagle Pass. Tents and supplies were furnished by the Federal quarantine department, guards were employed, and in a very short time the camp resembled a military outpost, in the strict discipline and excellent order prevailing. The thoroughness with which this work has been done is shown by the facts that the rate of infection has fallen from ten to fifteen new cases each day to one or two each week, and not a single case of small-pox has appeared outside of the guard line of the camp. Three hundred and ninety-seven refugees have been cared for at Camp Jenner, and up to October 5th there had been one hundred and seventy-six cases of small-pox and fifty-two deaths. Notwithstanding the prompt action of the government and many philanthropic citizens of both republics, however, the remnant of the Tlahualilo colony that survives the varied disasters that have overtaken the enterprise will be but a small percentage of the whole number that went out so joyfully a few months ago to seek a home in a foreign land.

The negro has always held a high place in the social and business life of Mexico. He was considered the equal of the native, and so treated, and the courts when called upon have always sustained this position. Since this incident, however, a change has come over the spirit of the authorities which has made a material difference in the standing of the negro in Mexico. The Tlahualilo Company is now contracting with the Six Companies of China for five hundred coolies as a further experiment with foreign labor. Concessionaire Ellis says he is convinced, after several trials, including the one in Liberia, that the American negro is a failure as an independent colonist, even under the most favorable conditions. J. D. WHELPLEY.

The Science of Drop-kicking in Foot-ball.

(Continued from page 285.)

forward in a line which, if carried out, would pass by the side of the right foot—under the body—cut the ball in two, bisecting its middle seam, and continuing on, fetch up against the middle of the cross-bar.

Figure 4 gives a front view just after the ball has left the foot on its way to the goal. The blur which the foot makes shows that it is still in motion upward, proving that there has been no awkward, snappy kick. Instead, simply an easy, sweeping movement of almost uniform force from start to near the finish.

Figure 5, which depicts Charley Brewer, of Harvard, making a drop-kick, is highly interesting from the fact that it shows a plain violation of the rule of keeping the eye on the ball, and not on the goal sought for. While Brewer has been successful in a way with his drop-kicks, he has never made any record of note. Perhaps it is this one defect—a most serious one—which has hitherto kept him back.

I have said that a kicker should from the very snap of the ball keep his eye *alone* on the ball. It seems advisable to qualify this statement in this way: Suppose the centre-rush is bothered in snapping, and in this particular case the quarter gets the ball poorly, and the fact communicates itself to you instantly that a poor and slow pass is likely to follow. In such a case it is the part of discretion—particularly if you know your opponents to be quick line-breakers—to take a sharp glance about *after* you have the ball *securely* in your hands. On the instant, you may see the chance to kick unmolested and kick, or you may see opponents about to leap upon you in time to run quickly to one side, then kick. If a chance presents itself for a run, do that by all means.

On paper this all seems pretty complicated and impossible on the field of play. On the other hand, it is far from impossible if one has a cool head to act on the instant in accordance

quickness in handling and kicking the ball, for the most accurate of kickers cannot succeed if he is so slow that even ordinary line-breaking is going to smother him; secondly, in dropping the ball deftly and correctly; and thirdly, in watching the kicking spot on the ball. Even when the kick is attempted from the side of the field, once the goal is fixed in the mind's eye (and this duty should be accomplished during the line-up), the eye seeks the ball, and never again the goal until after the attempt.

W. T. BULL.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Harvard-Princeton Foot-ball Game Arranged.

AN event of great interest as well as importance in the college foot-ball world will be the Harvard-Princeton match at Princeton, New Jersey, on November 2d. Princeton played Harvard last in 1889, since which time there have been no meetings in foot-ball between the two. The score of this game was forty-one to fifteen, and the Harvard men were so nettled by defeat and angered by a number of disagreeable happenings during the playing of the game, that they told Princeton almost directly on the spot that they desired nothing more to do with the players from Jersey.

Having broken off with Princeton, it was Harvard's duty to wave the olive-branch this year. This she did by challenging Princeton. Briefly, Princeton could not accept soon enough, so eager was she to try conclusions with the crimson eleven, and while a few Yale men seem to think that Princeton lost the chance (by refusing the challenge) to make a friend of Yale for life, the majority of foot-ball men feel sure that Princeton's athletic advisers acted wisely.

Because Yale and Harvard failed to patch up their differences and arrange a game is no reason why Princeton should have neglected the opportunity, which she has longed for since 1889, to demonstrate further her superiority over Harvard on the foot-ball field. Having seen the Harvard team play a game in which the chances were numerous to get a line on her strength, I rather feel inclined to the belief that Harvard's challenge has come at a poor time for Princeton. In other words, Harvard looks to be in line to retrieve her laurels lost six years ago. Still, foot-ball games are uncertain things sure enough, and in this connection the fact must not be lost sight of that Princeton will derive great advantage from playing on home grounds.

A cursory glance at the *personnels* of the rival teams shows that in Charley Brewer, Wrightington, Dunlop, Fairchild, and Gonterman Harvard possesses far and away the better material for backs, while in Arthur Brewer and Cabot on the ends she has men capable of outplaying any two Tigers sent against them. Captain Lea of Princeton, who plays at tackle, will undoubtedly prove better in every way than Hallowell, Wheeler, or any other Harvard player possible to pit against him. So far as the other tackle point is concerned, as well as the centre trios, many new men enter to make comparisons very unreliable. Still, if it were an even-up thing in the centre and at tackle, Harvard would have the better of the argument on account of a superior rushing game.

AN AMERICA'S CUP RACE FOR 1896.

On October 9th the following letter was received, and five days later acted upon at a special meeting of the New York Yacht Club:

"ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB,
RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.
September 28th, 1895.

"To J. V. S. Oddie, Secretary New York Yacht Club:

"DEAR SIR:—I beg to confirm by letter my telegrams of September 23d, as follows: I, in behalf of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and in the name of Charles D. Rose, a member of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches for the America's Cup in 1896, with the cutter-yacht *Distant Shore*, load water-line length, eighty-nine feet. In the event of this challenge being accepted, I should be much obliged if you would kindly inform me what dates, courses, and conditions the New York Yacht Club will propose to govern the races. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant, PERCY THELISSON, Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club."

Five days after the receipt of this letter a special meeting was convened at the Madison Avenue club-house, and in short order these resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, An unconditional challenge for the America's Cup, stating load water-line length of challenging vessel, has been received from the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in the name of Charles D. Rose,

"Resolved, That the challenge be accepted; and further

"Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed by the commodore, with full power to confer with the challenger and arrange the conditions of the match. As soon as final arrangements have been completed the committee shall report the same to the club."

Accordingly Commodore Brown appointed James D. Smith, A. Cass Canfield, J. Fred Tams, Latham Fish, Gouverneur Kortright, Archibald Rogers, and J. R. Busk—in other words, the cup committee complete of 1895.

It is expected that the arrangements will differ little from those which governed the *Defender-Valkyrie III.* contests this year, though it is highly probable that something will be done to make the dates of the contests less public, and perhaps to provide for a course other than the one off Sandy Hook.

THE YALE TEAM BREAKS A RECORD.

The Yale men who on Saturday afternoon, October 19th, at Orange Oval, allowed the Orange Athletic Club team to score two touchdowns on them were right in feeling as they did after the game—that they had disgraced themselves. Harvard and Princeton teams in the past have on rare occasions scored as many as two touchdowns against Yale, but for a team of men who, on account of business engagements, get in about a second's practice to a college man's hour, to accomplish such a feat, why, it is simply inexcusable. To be sure, Yale's aggressive game was good; but that is all that can be said favorably of the team.

The exhibition which Full-back Letton gave of kicking goals from a place-kicker would have shamed a school-boy. Last week, in treating at length of the science of place-kicking, I remarked that, easy as it really was, it remained for the college player to make, as it were, a mountain out of a mole-hill.

W. T. Bull.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

As it has, at times, been impossible to find room for our little whist chat to appear with that regularity which the average whist crank demands, it has been deemed expedient for the present to surrender the space to more urgent demands. In taking leave, therefore, of our brother whistites who have taken so much interest in the Puzzle Corner, we will give the solutions up to date, so that all may complete their files. Problem No. 34 is solved by the following pretty line of play, which secures all five tricks. A leads his lone trump, B the spade seven, C discards spade ace, and D the four. A takes the next trick with spade five, to which his partner throws heart jack so as to take the last three tricks in diamonds.

No. 35 commences with the lead of diamond ace, C discarding club six and B heart eight. A takes the next trick with deuce of diamonds, B discarding heart jack, C club nine, and D heart king, which makes C's deuce good, as A takes one trick in clubs and throws spades to C.

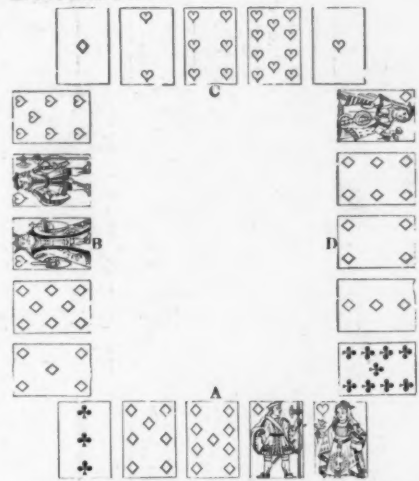
No. 36 was a cute one, and commences with the lead of trump ace, to which C discards his diamond ace so as to let A take one more trick in diamonds, which compels D to weaken one of his suits.

No. 37 is built upon similar lines, but only scores for trick by the nicest play. A leads trump, to which his partner discards spade ace so that A can throw diamonds to D, who must then lead up to A's tenace of spades.

No. 38 was a puzzling hand, which does not appear to have been correctly mastered in any of the letters which have yet reached us, although it is safe to say that many of our experts, who move cautiously and surely, are prepared to get there on time. A leads by throwing trump to B, and C discards heart ace, so as to give A a fair field to cope with both antagonists until he is called upon to respond to diamonds. Correct answers to the other problems were received from Messrs. G. Arnold, C. W. Aiken, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," L. H. Benton, E. Cooke, G. H. Cramer, C. F. Darby, Dr. Eastman, Freeland Club, C. N. Gowan, M. Garrett, "H. D. L. H.," Hoyle Club, A. W. Hall, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," "Iconoclast," Irving Club, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, Long Island Club, C. H. Marsters, C. C. McKenzie, Mrs. Menner, Dr. P. Nugent, Orton Club, "Priscilla," M. C. Peel, L. C. Pomeroy, "E. F. R.," "Richmond," P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, "Shel-

tons," Dr. Tyler, Triest Club, "Whist," and W. Young.

Here are our farewell compliments, presented as Problem No. 39.

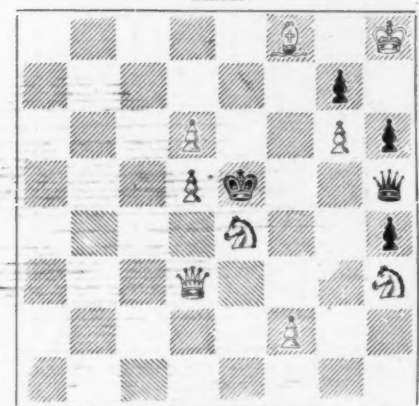


Trumps all out. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks?

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 35. BY DR. F. SCHLINDLER.
Prize Problem Tourney of 1895.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above clever problem by a distinguished German composer received the first prize in the tournament of 1895 of the Berlin Taegischen Rundschau, and on account of the masterly rendering of the theme is fairly entitled to belong to our collection of chess classics.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 32. BY CONEN.

White. Black.
1 B to Q 6. 1 Moves.
2 Mates according.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 33. BY TAVERNOR.

White. Black.
1 Q to Q 8. 1 P to B 4.
5 P knights mating.

Correct solutions have been received from Messrs. F. C. Nye, T. Cox, W. L. Fogg, J. Winslow, B. Whitman, Dr. Baldwin, P. Stafford, E. D. Brown, F. B. Miller, W. E. Hayward, A. Hardy, C. C. Cass, G. H. Collins, J. J. Ryan, T. Strong, C. V. Smith, A. O. Kutsche, C. C. McKenzie, G. Orr, "Ivanhoe," A. H. Gansser, Dr. Davis, P. Mulford, R. Rogers, and E. Mack, to each and all of whom the chess editor extends a cordial greeting and hearty appreciation of the interest which has been displayed by the lovers of the game. He is compelled to state, however, that other interests, coupled with the ever-growing demands upon the columns of the paper, compel him to relinquish a department which has been a source of much pleasure to all concerned.

A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



FIG. 5.

with what seems best. And in such cases a cool man, having to make up his mind like lightning, does so, and does so correctly; at any rate he *never* makes a complete fizzle of the situation.

As before explained, the hands should not be shifted from their first grip on the ball. The reason of this is that time—a valuable quantity in drop-kicking, where even the loss of a fraction of a second may mean a blocked kick—is wasted, inasmuch as the result sought for in changing the hands can be gained by a simple movement of the arms.

Pass a ball to a novice and he will take seconds to fix the ball in his hands just to his liking. This failing has signaled many a failure, and I could quote in this respect 'varsity men of name and fame at that. In the action of throwing out the arms in Figure 1 the position desired is at once gained by dropping the left arm a bit and rolling over the right. But when in an exceptional case a movement of the arms alone is insufficient, then the hands as they release the ball can straighten out matters.

This dropping of the ball is without doubt the most difficult part of the kick, yet once a player gets the knack he will invariably get the ball on the ground in a correct position from the poorest of passes, and from the most awkward position of the hands upon the ball.

Success in drop-kicking depends first on



"LIBERTY DAY" AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION—RECEPTION OF THE OLD LIBERTY BELL AT THE PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

The Science of Drop-kicking in Foot-ball.

DROP-KICKING is related to place-kicking in no uncertain way, inasmuch as the same principles underlie both. The science of place-kicking was treated of in last week's number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The playing code defines a drop-kick as one "made by letting the ball fall from the hands and kicking it at the very instant it rises." It would be more exact to say, kicking it at the very moment it touches the ground. This is a distinction with a difference, which is hardly appreciable when time alone is considered, but of consequence to a proper application of force. That is to say, if your foot meets the ball the moment the ball strikes the ground the force you put into the kick counts for more than if you caught the ball after it had left the ground; and the farther the ball gets away, the less benefit can be derived from the contact and consequent rebound from Mother Earth.

As I have said, the drop-kick is related in no uncertain way to place-kicking. The difference—nominal entirely—is that the drop-kicker takes the place of the holder of the ball for a

place-kick, arranging the ball with his own hands. Once out of his hands the ball seeks the earth, strikes in the exact position it would have been placed in for a place-kick and kicked accordingly.

But whereas the place-kick is always accomplished in detail the same, drop-kicking,

the score is a tie, a goal means certain victory. On the other hand a touchdown is quite impossible in the short time left to play.

So the signal is given, and the full-back of team "A" drops back to the thirty-yard line, or ten yards back of his own line. As he does so he fixes definitely in his mind's eye the exact location of the goal and thereafter his eyes become glued to the ball, at the time under the hand of the snap-back. When the ball is snapped the eyes follow it into the quarter's hands, and with cat-like vigilance note its flight into his very arms—or hands, as in Figure 1 (had the ball been passed into the left side the left arm would have encircled it while the right hand would have been clapped over the top), then as the ball falls to the ground the eyes centre upon that charmed spot "X"—that is, a point mid-

arms at full length and in a downward direction—say an angle of forty-five degrees with the earth. (See Figure 2.) At the same time the body bends a bit forward at the hips, the right foot advancing to plant itself firmly. From the moment the ball is caught till the arms are straightened it is firmly clasped by



FIG. 1



FIG. 2.

owing to varying conditions, embraces a number of different ways of handling the ball upon its receipt from the quarter-back. If a drop-kicker were always allowed all the time he wanted to accomplish a kick he would perform the same always. In reality, however, as the drop-kick is used for the most part from a down in an attempt to score a goal from the field, opponents greatly hurry the kicker in their attempts to block the ball.

Let us now imagine a case wherein the drop may be employed, and follow in detail the several movements of the kicker.

Team "A" having forced team "B" to the latter's twenty-yard line directly in front of the goal, decide upon a try for a goal from the field. Inasmuch as there are but two minutes more to play during this, the second half, and



FIG. 3.

way between the lower end of the lacing and the bottom end of the ball. When the foot meets the ball the eyes may be raised, not before.

Now, the movement directly following the catch of the pass, as in Figure 1, is a short step forward of the left foot, followed the same moment by an instantaneous throwing out of the



FIG. 4.

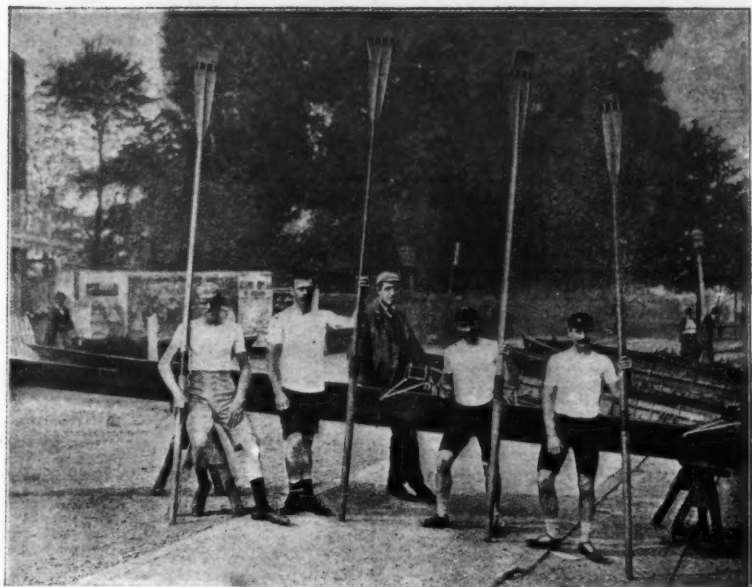
the hands in the unaltered position in which they have caught the ball.

The planting of the right foot signals the release of the ball. I emphasize "release," to call particular attention to the point that the hands are drawn away from the ball; that is to say, there is no spasmodic movement which implies that they toss the ball away. Most drop-kickers toss the ball, and thus lay themselves open to the evil of a ball not under control, for the moment they toss it the ball falls badly, and eventually strikes the earth in any but the right way.

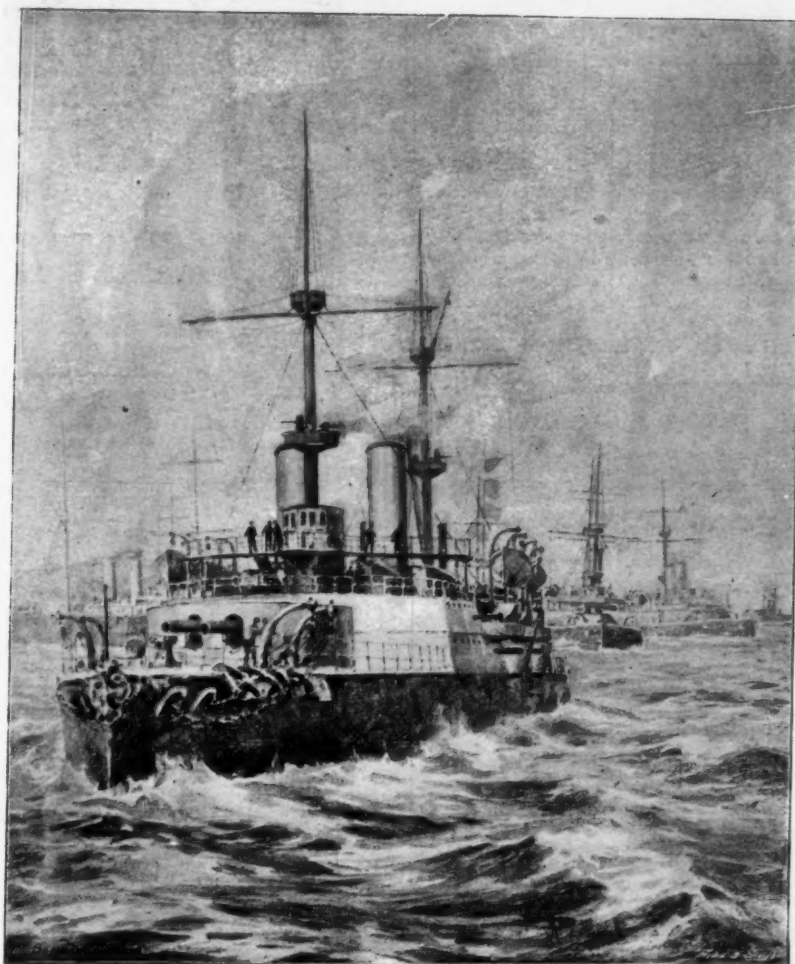
In Figure 2 the hands can almost be seen to move as they release the ball with a movement similar to pulling out the two parts of an accordion, and the ball shows a position similar to that which it later assumes in Figure 3.

Now, as the right foot takes its stand, the left reaches its hindmost limit of swing, and without a moment's pause comes swinging

(Continued on page 287.)



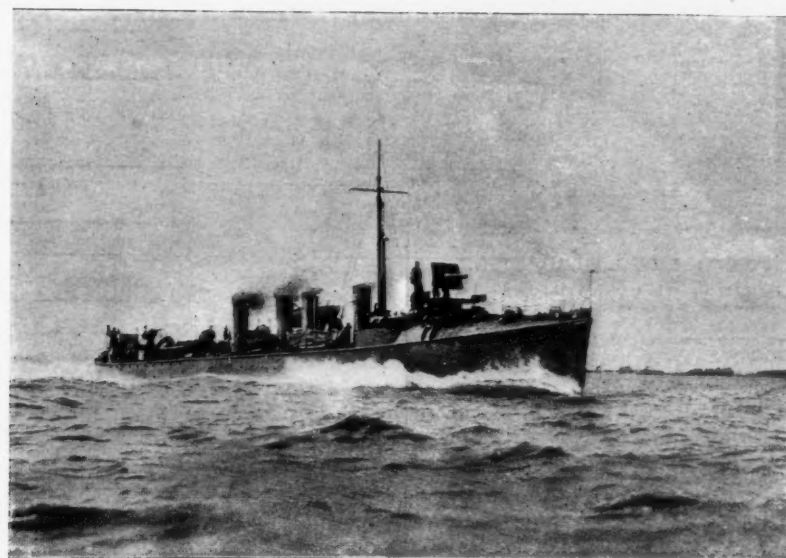
THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONS WHO ARE TO ROW IN THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.—*Black and White.*



THE BRITISH FLEET ASSEMBLED IN THE DARDANELLES DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS ON THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.—*Black and White.*



THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—AN INSURGENT ATTACK ON A FORT NEAR VUELTAS.
Illustrated London News.



THE RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SOKOL," WHICH HAS DEVELOPED AN AVERAGE SPEED OF OVER THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.—*Black and White.*



RANAVOLO III., QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR, NOW A FUGITIVE FROM HER CAPITAL.—*L'illustration.*



THE FUNERAL OF M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE FRENCH SCIENTIST—THE REMAINS BORNE FROM THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.
L'illustration.

"Leslie's" Western Popularity.

EUGENE FIELD has this to say in the Chicago Record of October 10th: "The current number of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY is a particularly interesting one. To this number John T. Bramhall contributes an able statistical article reviewing the marvelous progress Chicago has made during the last twenty years, and there are two pages of appropriate illustrations. The remarkable growth of LESLIE'S in popular favor throughout the West during the last year is due, we think, not more to the liberal policy of the management than to the discriminating, loyal, and untiring efforts of the Western representatives of that periodical, Mr. Bramhall, the writer, and Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the artist.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address Alt-nheim Medical Dispensary, 127 East Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOUBTFUL.

MAMMA—"Libby, did I see Jo'm Sweetzer hugging and kissing you last night?"
LIBBY—"I don't think you did, ma; the room was dark."—Judge.

ALL danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding twenty drops of Angostura Bitters.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THERE is no time in the year when the mountain, valley, and lake scenery is so entrancing as it is in the autumn.

The picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad has no superior in the varied grandeur of the scenery along its lines.

Comfortable and commodious parlor- and sleeping-cars and day coaches are run on all through trains between New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago via Niagara Falls.
Send four cents in stamps to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for illustrated pamphlets describing this route.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE Sohmer Piano is inferior to none, and is universally acknowledged to be superior to very many others offered at prices which defy competition. When its merits are considered, it is the cheapest instrument in the market to-day.

EVOLUTION OF RAILROADING.

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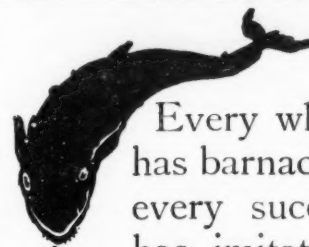
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